He thus your hopes destroy, and for further griefe,
God give you joy; what are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me sir.

Per. Even as my life, or bloud that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed.
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with spēech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles, and gives Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with child, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she rejoyces: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painefull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together joynes.
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Hellicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none,
The mutany, he there hastes t'oppresse,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice six Moones,
He obedient to their doomes
Will take the Crowne: the sum of this
Brought hither to *Pentapolis*,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And every on with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of such a thing?
Briefe, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her desire,
Which who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to sea; then vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the floud,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mov'd
Varies againe, the grisslee North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that drives,
So up and downe the poore ship dives:
The Lady shreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in travaile with her feare:
And what ensues in this selfe storme:
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold: